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"Neighbor, neighbor, how art thou?"

"Very well, I thank thee."

[A Child's Play.]

It has been well said that one half the world doesn't know the other half lives, and perhaps it might be added, they don't care particularly. In large cities next-door neighbors get along for years without any association, and often without any apparent curiosity to investigate. If the name is known, it is barely all that is known. So of the occupations. A man may be in the immediate vicinity of a first-class forger, a pious minister, or a starving clerk, without having any knowledge or interest in his occupations or movements.

When we consider the secretiveness which every man and woman has about his or her own thoughts and feelings, we cannot wonder that the sayings and doings of a stranger should remain entirely unknown. Thackeray suggests that there are couples who have lived in apparently perfect confidence for a half century, and yet in whose minds there are thoughts and secrets never revealed to one another. Some secret, which he likens to the skeleton in a closet, or some remembered error or crime, never revealed, may haunt his silent fancies, and arouse him in the still loneliness of the night, to think and grieve over it. If this be true, what wonder is it that so many should live unknown even when residing in the same neighborhood for years?

Then there are so many various occupations to fill up the time of each individual. Here, at one side, is the opulent, prosperous banker. His calm, easy smile, confident step, all betoken a mind at ease and comfortable in an abundance of the world's gear.

The hardy mechanic, the over-worked clerk and the fast boy—all of them are of a well-known and marked genius, and it would be easy to imagine their homes, just as Cuvier or Agassiz can tell, from the formation of the teeth, paws or other peculiarity, the kind of nest an unknown animal builds.

There are others of a different species, whose domestic habits, if they have any, are entirely unknown. The man in the rain, umbrellas, with faded overcoat buttoned up to the chin, seems to be entirely aquatic. We would look for his home where the beaver and muskrat are to be found, if anywhere. He is never seen except in a shower, and always disappears as the rainbow comes out.

The very opposite of this strange creature is the umbrella man, and this species is very common. Rain or shine, snow or frost, he is always to be seen with an umbrella tucked under his arm or spread over his head. It is noticeable, too, that, although he is always so well prepared for wet weather, he is hardly ever seen abroad in the rain. He is like a soldier who always has his arms and accoutrements just right to meet the enemy, but whose heart fails him when the enemy is at hand. Whether it is from

dread of coughs, colds, catarrh or consumption, or only because he regrets having his favorite plaything wet, it is impossible to say. We incline to the latter opinion. The umbrella man is always an oddity in other respects, and generally noticeable by some peculiarity in dress. How he makes his umbrella stand upright when he sits down to sleep, it is impossible to say. Then, there are other peculiar people known by their habits rather better. The man who straddles, with his back to the fire, and tucks his coat tails under each arm, and whose laugh is loud, boorish and vulgar; the bald-headed man who always takes his hat off when coming, and polishes his head with a silk handkerchief until it shines like a ten-pipe ball; the thin, scrawny-faced man, who always looks as if some one had just been imposing on him, and whose appearance involuntarily recalls the picture in Jayne's sarsaparilla advertisement of the man before he took that wonderful medicine; the man who is always *wooling* at his beard or moustache or trying to make a peacock's crest out of his hair—all of them are types of the *genuine* home, whose domestic habits are, perhaps, discoverable, but who have never yet commanded the full attention of the public.

Then, there is another class going under the generic term of Bohemians. This includes artists, actors, negro minstrels, local editors, young lawyers and reporters generally. The habits of these, with a general resemblance, "differ among themselves in language, institutions and laws," as Julius Caesar remarked.

The quietest of these is the artist, who, except for a jaunt about the country now and then, is faithful at his studio, until

"The moon takes the wondrous tale, And nightly to the listening earth Reposes the weary bird."

When he is off to some place of amusement, there to meet his fellows. The actor, if he is first in his profession, hardly ever gets from behind the footlights. He is either Richard or Coriolanus, or Young Mirabilis or Tony Lumpkin, playing at you all the time. If, however, he is only a good actor, he forgets this sometimes and is very energetic and agreeable, and ten to one, if

an insufferably bad one, is provided by him.

"My, a fool, he is, very agreeable, this negro minstrel, people often wonder as they come. They are gathered from every branch of trade and commerce. Clerks, mechanics out of situations, music teachers who cannot get any scholars, and young men who have good voices and but little else, are included in their ranks. It is by no means a bad school for these latter, for they, at least, learn punctuality and attention to their duties. Many of our best stage-actors—Castle, Campbell, Geary, J. R. Thomas and others—are all graduates of this college of burned cork.

They sometimes make more money than skilled artists mechanics by their easy, tender, little melodies, choruses and childlike burlesques.

The young lawyer, by which we mean one who has not yet acquired any practice, if a Bohemian proper, is generally one of the most sociable and agreeable of the species. This, however, wears off with the accumulation of business, and by the time he gets to be middle-aged, he is as dry, withered and dull as—. The local editor or reporter, however, would have to occupy a separate chapter, so great is the variety, extent and peculiarity of his avocations. He combines all that is admirable in his fellow Gipsies, with a decided flavor from his own peculiarity and occupations. We leave him to the imagination of our readers.

Of course it is impossible to realize any of this latter class to which we have referred as in any way associated with a home. They don't have any private life, and of course a home, which infers something of this kind, is entirely out of the question. If they speak of such a place, it is not to be understood as having any reference to what is usually understood by such a term.

The charms and comforts of woman's graceful love, and the quiet intimacy of home life, are unknown to them. They have twenty admirers where others have but one; but as a recompense, any one else is apt to have twenty friends where they have one.

If Damon had turned reporter or Bohemian of any kind, Pythias would never have been such a spoon as to offer his life for his friend's, though the chances are that he would have admired his friend still more.

It is not because the Gipsy does not merit the affection, but because his habits in a measure set him apart from the rest of creation. He is an unusual sort of a creature, very wonderful to look at, but not of the same species as other folks. This keeps him apart from them until some keen, fair eyes look through the finny disguise and see the warm heart beating with love beneath it, and so takes the poor Bohemian out of the world into her heart, and tames him down into the easy, good-humored, comfortable Benedict—the married man.

THE SPORTS OF THE CAMP—A DEER CHASE.

The monotony of camp-life is sometimes broken by sports, in which our soldiers engage with zest. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Beverly, in Western Virginia, thus describes a wild deer-chase:

The hardy mechanic, the over-worked clerk and the fast boy—all of them are of a well-known and marked genius, and it would be easy to imagine their homes, just as Cuvier or Agassiz can tell, from the formation of the teeth, paws or other peculiarity, the kind of nest an unknown animal builds.

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It is not because the Gipsy does not merit the affection, but because his habits in a measure set him apart from the rest of creation. He is an unusual sort of a creature

[From the New Orleans True Delta.]
MAX TREZEVANT;
TILTING FOR A RING.

BY VERNON MALONE.

I.

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean, everything within that got the wondrous best and clean. The light was dark and steady— The old woman was here, with a patient mother watched beside her, the benefits of her child. A little worn-out creature, His eyes bright eyes, grown dim; His heart full of love for child. Called him Little Jim.

And oh, to see the lark bears past, trying out her cheek, And then in thoughts this was to spring— Little night wakened one she loved. Far better than her life; For she had all a mother's heart— And had poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted see she kneels And prays that He will spare her boy And take herself instead.

She got her answer from the child, who said, "Don't words from him; And then the kiss and beckon Unto your Little Jim."

"I have no more, dear mother, now. But oh, I am so dry; And the poor collier's wife again— And mother, don't you cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held

A tea-cup to his lips; he smiled to her as he took

These little, tiny slips.

Well father, when he comes from work, And when he comes to him— And when he comes to him, then, I'll go to sleep— The poor little Jim!

The angel boy was dying— And the poor mother, who she had no hope to her hope to her.

The door is opened wide, Father's step is heard— And the mother wesp, And then the child—

He fell that all was over now—

He knew his child was dead; He took the candle in his hand, And walked toward the bed.

His quivering lips give token That he had come to die.

And see his wife has joined him— The stricken couple kneel.

With heads bowed down by sadness, They humbly ask of him, And then the child—

Their own dear little Jim.

THE ORIGIN OF IRELAND.

With all consternation,

I'd turn your attinchin

To what I would minachin in Erin so green,

I'd show how that nayshin

Was shyness the gism and the queen.

I happened one mornin',

What I would minachin so beautiful say,

As be that same lokin' (And sure 'twas provokin')

Her papa's son, he'd not give play.

No Nipinte, who saw her,

Began to pursue her.

In order, to wo her, the wicked owl Jev!

As be very high caught her.

Great Jupiter's daughter, who cried "Poo to too."

But Jove, the great Jaysons

Look down an saw Vayne,

And now so haiming, beshaming her wild,

Or she's a haiming, beshaming her wild,

He'd tire amazander,

Amazander was no wonder for taxin his child.

So a star that was flying,

Abide and bethorn'd, and bethorn'd and bethorn'd,

And bethorn'd without sight;

Where it tambl'd like winkin',

Or she's a haiming, beshaming her wild,

And gave him, I'm thinkin' a broth' a blow.

An' that star was dry land,

Both lowland and highland,

And formed a waste land, the land is my birth;

Kaze sink down from glory,

That so's a haiming, a heaven on earth!

This Vanus jumped nately

On Erin so shately.

But here he was, he was bethorn'd, he was bethorn'd,

What much did he bethorn'd!

But ere it had kill'd her

Her father distill'd her a drop of the bish't!

It made her a haiming, a broth' a blow.

An' that star was a haiming, a broth' a blow.

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